

THE  
IMMORTALITY

OF THE

S O U L.

A POEM.

Translated from the Latin of ISAAC HAWKINS BROWNE, Esq.

By WILLIAM HAY, Esq.



L O N D O N.

Printed for R. and J. DODSLEY in Pall-mall.

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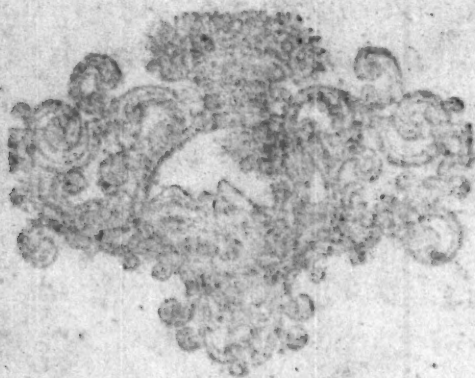
M. COOPER in Pater-noster-Row. 1754.

Price One Shilling and Six Pence.

THE  
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Translated from the Latin of ISAAC HARRINGTON BROWN, Esq.

By WILLIAM HAY, Esq.



LONDON:

Printed for B. and J. in Pall-mall;



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the Motive of my Address to the Right Reverend and Honourable

Right Reverend and Honourable

**RICHARD**

Lord Bishop of Durham.

My Lord,

**T**HE Subject of this Poem is the Foundation of all Religion. The ingenious and learned Author therefore properly inscribed the Original to the Primate of All *England*. And I know not the Man in all *England* to whom I can more properly address the Translation than to your Lordship. The Original is a noble Work: it shines in the Language and Beauties of *Horace*, *Virgil*, and *Lucretius*: may be read as long: and be; like its Subject, immortal. The Author has as happy a Talent for *English Verse*: and could best have done himself Justice in a Translation. But One, fired with all the Beauties of the Original, could scarce condescend to such a Task. For in a Translation, ever so good, many of them must be lost. I fear too many are in mine.

I do not know, where the Arguments for the Immortality of the Soul are so well collected, so well connected, so well methodized, more concisely stated, or more clearly explained. And therefore I thought I might do some Service, if I could put a Work, which in the Original is understood only by the Learned, into the hand of the En-

glifh Reader ; ſince that ſhould be known to as many as poſſible, which is the common Concern of All. This is the Motive of my Attempt : which merits Pardon for the ſake of the Intention.

Accept it, My Lord, from a Neighbour and Acquaintance ; who is proud of this Opportunity of declaring to the World the very high and ſincere Reſpect he bears You. Why I do ſo, Your Lordſhip's public and private Character tell : I need not : nor will in this Place : for I neither am, nor would be thought, a Flatterer. May You enjoy as much Health, and as many Years, as fell to the Share of the great Prelate mentioned in the Poem : You cannot fail of the ſame Honour and Regard. In wiſhing Your Lordſhip well, I know I wiſh well to Mankind. I am,

My Lord,

Your much obliged

and moſt obedient Servant,

W. HAY.





# P R E F A C E.

EVERY Translator should aim to preserve the Sense and Beauties of his Author. Any Person, who compares the following Performance with the Original, will find me much less defective in the first Particular than the last. And it would exceed the Abilities of one much more ingenious to come up to the Beauties of this Poem. Where they are exquisite in the Original, many will evaporate in a Translation.

To cure this Defect as much as I could; I have been careful in the first place in general to preserve the Metaphors: which I think are the principal Beauty of Poetry: for by doubling the Number of the Figures they enrich the Picture, and afford a very refined Pleasure to the Mind in remarking their Similitude.

I have also generally been careful to preserve the Epithets: which, when properly chosen, are another great Grace and Embellishment: and, as they set forth the Qualities of things, may be called the Colouring of the Piece.

In different Languages, it is very rare to meet with Words (much less Phrases) that exactly correspond; and convey the same adequate Ideas. And therefore a Translator must search for the best Equivalents. If it fall out by Accident, that the same individual Word correspond in each Language, or that a verbal Version of a Line or Sentence answers, and in neither case the Expressions lose their Ease, nor are debased by vulgar Use, I think so far such literal and verbal Translation does most Justice to the Author. A Person, who compares this with the Original, will find I have kept

kept cloſer than uſual in theſe Reſpects; nor do I believe he will think the Performance worſe on that Account. But in ſome Places the Strength of the Expreſſion forces me to a Paraphraſe; (which always weakens the Poem.) For Inſtance, theſe three Words, *Males operoſa Sepulchra*, have coſt me two Lines: and I have ſometimes beſtowed a Line on a ſingle Word: but this is not frequent: and I believe the Tranſlation, in Number of Words, will be found ſcarce to exceed the Original: for as there are Six Feet in the Latin Verſe to Five in the Engliſh, there are in this Tranſlation about Six Engliſh Verſes to Five in the Latin Original. And though the Beauty of a Tranſlation depends on the Choice, and not Number, of Words; yet the Number of Words is a Mathematical Rule (and perhaps not a bad one) to judge of its Strength.

A Tranſlator into Engliſh Verſe is loaded with two other Fetters: Rhymes of the ſame Sound, and Metre always of the ſame Quantity. And who can blame him, if under theſe Reſtraints he ſtruggle for as much Liberty as he can.

If I am aſked, why I choſe Rhyme? my Answer is, becauſe an Engliſh Ear loves the Gingle. But, though I have preſerved it throughout, I have not been an abſolute Slave; and ſometimes my Rhymes are not ſcrupulouſly exact; and I ſhould have thought my ſelf more blameable, if for ſuch Nicety in Sound I had ſacrificed the genuine Senſe. I therefore beſpeak the Reader's Indulgence, where he chances to ſpy Peccadilloſ of this Sort.

As to the Metre; It is well known, that Engliſh Poets have ever availed themſelves of the Participle and Tenſe ending in [*ed*] either to uſe or omit that Syllable, as beſt ſuited their Purpoſe. And it is no matter whether the [*e*] appear in the Word or not; ſince the Current of the Verſe will direct the Reader, where to ſound, and where to drop it. The ſame Advantage may be taken, and I have taken it, in other Words, either to leave them divided by the natural Number of their Syllables, or to contract two Syllables into one. As in the Words, *Idea, Different, Heavenly, Propitious, Beauteous, Impious*, and many others of the like Sort. Theſe contracted Syllables will ſtand in the ſame Foot, ſometimes with the preceeding, and ſometimes with the ſucceeding Syllable; bearing in the firſt Caſe ſome Analogy to the *Dactyl*, and in the laſt to the *Anapaſtus*. I have moſtly contracted ſuch Syllables: for to add one, two, or more Syllables to Ten is no ſmall Acquiſition. It helps to crowd more Senſe into a Line, and make it more nervous. The Harmony will depend on the Modulation of the Voice. From an unſkilful Reader it will ſound harſher; but a ſkilful one will make ſuch Syllables a Grace both in Muſic and Poetry. This hath the Sanction of the beſt Poets; and is practiſed by none oftener than *Milton*.

But



But it is for none but a great Poet like *Milton* to receive Latin or Greek Words, like natural-born Subjects, into the English Tongue. In the Eleventh Book of the *Paradise Lost*, among other Difficulties he has introduced *Minasrus*. I met with the same Word in this Poem; but dared not take the same Liberty; and indeed, if I had, it should have been unintelligible to an English Reader. Not knowing an English Word for *Bitumen*, I have taken the Liberty to make it English by striking off the last Letter; and very convenient it was for my Rhyme so to do. And I willingly submit to the Reader's Verdict. And let him not be offended, if sometimes I submit, for the sake of the Verse, to seeming Inaccesories in Grammar, which I should not choose in Prose. For Instance: In one place, I use *Thou* and not *You*, as thinking it more forcible and poetical; yet in some Lines after I knowingly and wilfully say *Have* and not *Hast*, as thinking it less harsh in Sound: nor is it contrary to the Rules of Grammar; for the Reader may, if he pleases, in those places substitute in his own Mind the Word *You* instead of the preceeding *Thou*: and I hope, for the Sake of Peace, that he will do so, and not break his Rest about it.—Let him keep his Temper too, where he finds such Words as, *That, Who, Which, Is, Hath, Do, May, Might, Could, Should, Either, Neither, &c.* omitted, where by strict Grammatical Rules they should be inserted; when they must necessarily be implied, and the Sense cannot be mistaken: for this is useful, sometimes to strengthen the Sense of a Line, and sometimes to preserve its Metre.

I hope I shall be seldom found assuming that unjustifiable Liberty in a Translator of adding his own Sense: and latter myself, I shall scarce fall under that Censure in two Passages of the First Book.—When *Bacon* is represented as delivering the Torch to *Newton*, I have added '*when he had run his glorious race*'; for that Sense is implied, and the Words explain the Metaphor, which alludes to the *Athenian* Games in Honour of *Prometheus*, where a Person ran a Circular Course with a lighted Torch in his Hand; and when it went out, delivered it to the Person immediately following him in that Ceremony; he that ran with it farthest unextinguish'd gaining the most Applause. The Expression in the Original is borrowed from the second Book of *Lucretius*; who applies the Metaphor to one Generation of Animals succeeding to another: as *Persius* in his Sixth Satyre applies it to the Heir succeeding to the Deceased. On this Occasion, another Idea will naturally arise in the Mind of every Reader; That the Torch in *Newton's* Hand diffused Light through the Universe.—The other Passage is that where the *Athenian* Sage is said to have foretold a God to come: At the end of which I have thrown in some Scripture Phrases relating to our Saviour, which go a little (and but a little) beyond

beyond the Expressions in the Original; but not at all beyond the plain Aim and Intention of the Author: And as they are poetical and sublime, they are far from debasing the Passage.

I should think I made a valuable Present to Mankind in this Work if it was divested of every Ornament of Poetry. The only Injury I do is to the Author, in sending it abroad in a Dress so unlike that rich one, in which he hath cloathed it. Since he has forgiven me, I hope the World will. And it will be a sensible Pleasure to me, if it is received there with the same Approbation, with which it hath already been honoured by him and some others, whose Judgment I revere, and whom I am ambitious to please. But my lasting and solid Satisfaction will be, if it prove of that Publick Utility, which I wish and intend.



## ERRATA

**P**Age 5. l. 8. after *run*, a comma instead of the point.

p. 6. l. 2. for *material* read *material*.

p. 16. l. 2. after *away*, a point instead of the comma.



THE  
IMMORTALITY of the SOUL.

BOOK I.

ALL creatures else on earth are joyful o'er  
The lot their nature gives ; nor wish for more.  
'Tis only man, curious to know, who tries  
To search out causes, and the mutual ties  
Of nature's works ; and wishing to explain,  
In the attempt still journeys on in vain :  
For death with fable wings around him flies ;  
And intercepted on the road he dies.  
If nought in vain proceeds from heaven on high ;  
Say from what cause can this arise ? or why  
Within the mind these seeds celestial shoot,  
If never to produce their genuine fruit ?  
Ah ! what avails to search out nature's cause ?  
And from things present, by her steady laws,

B

To

To point out future? and in fancy run

Above the stars, above this genial sun?

If all, alas! we all shall be no more!

Buried alike on *Lethe's* gloomy shore!

Come, *Phillis*, then let's wanton in the shade:

Come, *Bacchus*, to my revels lend thy aid:

'Tis thine, to banish melancholy's gloom,

Sense of the past, and fear of ought to come.

Come, fill the glass: mirth, and good cheer my choice:

Let *Næera's* spinnet join with *Cloe's* voice:

The day is wasting; catch it whilst you may;

Careless of what may chance another day.

But soon we weary grow, and loath such joys:

Pleasure, like this, as soon as tasted cloy.

Let us then throw these trifles quite aside;

And follow things more serious, as our guide.

Heap wealth on wealth: let power, let glory warm:

And with attendants let your levee swarm:

What more? — 'tis all the same: you still complain,

And cry, alas! All human things how vain!

Which then the way? or where the friendly shore?

You see th' imprison'd mind, still striving more

To know, and climbing slowly without end

(Where nature points) to truth eternal tend.

No



Book I. of the SOUL.

3

No longer 'midst these fleeting joys to range  
She asks ; but those obnoxious to no change :  
Joys, like herself, immortal, which will bloom  
Unfading through eternity to come.

Take courage then ; for nothing is more plain,  
Than heavenly wisdom never works in vain.  
Nor, like the mouldering body, will the mind  
In the same narrow limits be confin'd.  
Free from terrestrial feculence, all-pure,  
It vegetates, and ever will, secure.  
And when this prisoner liberty regains,  
Unmanacled from these corporeal chains,  
When the well known inhabitant shall rise  
To visit once again her native skies,  
She'll draw nectareous truths, whence still they flow ;  
And gather sweets ethereal, where they grow.

Ev'n in this life (if it deserves the name,  
Thus blindly cas'd in this corporeal frame)  
Tho' rust retards the soul's more lively springs,  
And she wants room to spread her towering wings ;  
Yet many ways her origin we trace ;  
And many features speak her heavenly race.  
Can memory save so many things for use ?  
Nicely dispose ? and in due time produce ?

A furniture too rich, where now we dwell!  
 Too vast, to croud within this narrow cell!  
 And can it be conceiv'd corporeal might,  
 This hidden treasure which recalls to light?

Say, thou inventress, say, from whence thy birth?  
 Thou parent of each various art on earth!  
 Thou friend to human want, who kindly lend  
 All things which grace this life, or which defend;  
 That for each thing its proper name have found;  
 And vocal sounds in literal fetters bound;  
 That, when men liv'd like brutes, still changing place,  
 Drew from their dens to towns the savage race.  
 That by just laws their manners civiliz'd;  
 And in one compact nations have compriz'd  
 Hail! thou diviner power, sublimer sense!  
 Hail! virtue warm'd by heavenly influence!

When in full streams resistless eloquence  
 Transports the will, and ravishes the sense;  
 No longer leaves the ductile passions ours;  
 From what rich source doth it derive its powers?  
 Say, when its lightnings flash, its thunder flies;  
 Is it a mortal voice, or from the skies?

What think you of the poet's powerful lays?  
 Who pleases by a thousand different ways:

Who



Book I. of the SOUL

5

Whether by numbers, cadence, or by clear  
Harmonious sound, he captivates the ear;  
Or by strong images, with wondrous art,  
Enchant the fancy, and pervade the heart:  
The muse-befriended poet breathes in rhyme,  
Nothing that's trifling, nothing not sublime.  
Whilst things on earth, the stars, and splendid sun,  
Still the same round in the same chariot run.  
Unsatisfied the large, ambitious, mind  
Pines for more worlds, and those more unconfin'd:  
When, lo! the sacred poet with him brings  
A more exalted, fairer, scene of things,  
Adapted more to our ideas great,  
The hope and presage of a future state.

Can man celestial motions, and their cause,  
Know to describe, and by what stated laws,  
Worlds round our sun hold on their course decreed;  
And through the void immense the comets speed;  
Numberless suns within, beyond, our sight,  
In ether fix'd, their circling planets light?  
And think you not, a mind, which even here  
Flies through the skies, and through the starry sphere,  
From heaven descended, will her pinions stretch,  
And mount again, her native home to reach?

Could

Could this be so, did not the mind retain  
A force innate, free from mater'al stain?  
Of her own acts by herself conscious made,  
She uses not, nor needs, the body's aid.  
Her choice, refusal, love, aversion,  
Her hopes, fears, joys, and griefs, are all her own.  
By her own strength she things compares, and finds  
How to divide them into different kinds:  
By slow degrees gleans the dismember'd spoils  
Of scatter'd truth, and nicely reconciles:  
Causes extracts; and a foundation lays  
In one fair building arts on arts to raise:  
To science tends, exerting every power,  
Mounting to scale her most exalted tower;  
And thence the chain of causes view in one,  
Let down to earth from the almighty throne.  
Then sinks into herself; with mental eyes  
There sees ideas of things, and how they rise:  
Sees from what source swift cogitation flows:  
All, but her frame, and that almost, she knows.  
Corporeal virtue this? can a machine  
Perceive what feeds it, or its powers within?  
All body's meer machine; impell'd alone  
By outward force, not inward and its own.



# Book I. of the SOUL.

Use not a standard of the vulgar kind,  
To take the height of an enlighten'd mind.  
Look to those sons of *Athens* and of *Rome*,  
Whose praises still survive, and honours bloom;  
Or such as *England*, rival to those climes,  
Produc'd in earlier and in better times.

Why should I tell, what bards have been inspir'd,  
Whom law renown'd, or eloquence hath fir'd?  
Or who again fair science brought in sight,  
That, hid in chaos, long had shun'd the light?

See *Bacon* first, like the great solar ray,  
Break forth, and light to every art the way.  
Philosophy by fiction vain misled  
He first recall'd; and bid securely tread  
Those paths experience never known to stray  
Had prov'd; and pointed out the certain way.  
Great *Newton's* guide! who in his hand did place  
The torch, when he had run his glorious race.

Bright spirits! if mindful of this mortal state,  
If still attentive to *Britannia's* fate,  
Some share of your strong genius we implore;  
That, waking from our dream, again we soar;  
And to excell call every talent forth;  
Excited by true praise, and ancient worth.

Such

## The IMMORTALITY Book I.

Such rich endowments, and so rarely given,  
Must be esteem'd peculiar growths of heaven,  
For, here and there, God did in all times place  
Some earthly stars, our lower sphere to grace:  
That by example fir'd, man upward fly,  
And know himself the offspring of the sky.

Besides, when death this mortal corse devours,  
Who but conceives, that something still is ours?  
Within, 'tis fully prov'd within: the same  
The learn'd attest: and all mankind proclaim:  
No nations so unciviliz'd, but have  
Extended views and hopes beyond the grave.

It is this thought, the tardy oak that plants,  
A posthumous supply for grandsons wants:  
It is this thought, the pyramid that rears,  
A mole immense, impregnable by years.  
It is this thought would life extend by fame,  
And tack to nature a surviving name.  
Fame! which to each choice spirit is so dear,  
Danger he'll court, and every labour bear,  
His future life in fancy to embrace,  
And pass his glory to his latest race.

See we not how, just at the gates of death,  
A criminal, ev'n with his latest breath,  
Such  
Convict



Convict and conscious, will the fact deny,  
To save his fame and honour by the lye?

'Tis nature's self, that on the soul imprints  
Of future being these obscurer hints.

Hence 'tis, that in solicitude the mind  
The verdict weighs posterity will find.

But what avails what is hereafter said,  
If we shall be but dust and empty shade?

Too late the fame, which can't past man concern,  
Nor wake his ashes in the silent urn.

And tell me too, what mean these obsequies?  
Whence for the dead these anxious cares arise?

A mausolæum see superbly stand,  
With sculpture worthy of a *Myron's* hand:

See! some in earth the pallid carcase place:  
And some the tomb with flowery chaplets grace:

The solemn office yearly some renew,  
As if the shades requir'd it as a due:

Others erect the customary pyre,  
There to consume the members in the fire,

To the just urn the gathered ashes give,  
That these, if possible, may time survive.

Or shall I tell of those, whose water'd soil  
Drinks the rich stream of overflowing *Nile*?

With them is this peculiar custom found,  
 Neither to burn, nor bury in the ground.  
 First of each inward part the trunk they bare;  
 And cleanse the cavity with nicest care;  
 Then pour in pitch, and every rich perfume,  
 Filling the space with glutinous bitume;  
 This done; the whole with many a fillet bind;  
 That every part cohere, when aptly join'd;  
 Then paint the corse, to make it, if they can,  
 The picture, and the statue, and the man.

Such is the inborn hope, th' ingraven trust,  
 That when these members are dissolv'd in dust,  
 Our better part will live, and brave the rage  
 Of powerful fate, and all-devouring age.

See, where the *Ganges* cuts the *Indian* strand,  
 Men at false altars willing victims stand;  
 Or into flames they rush precipitate;  
 Lavish of life, to meet a better fate;  
 Borne on blind hopes to peaceful seats they fly,  
 To spring perpetual, and a cloudless sky.

Nor less the eastern wives are known to fame;  
 There not with tears, or female plaints, the dame  
 Bemoans her lord: but (worthy to admire)  
 With him, to be consum'd, ascends the pyre;

Trust-



## Book I. of the SOUL. 11

Trusting, with him to go companion true,  
And 'midst the shades the bridal rites renew.

Look too where *Boreas* breathes eternal cold ;  
Nations, unconquer'd sons of *Mars*, behold  
Though savage brave ; all with like ardour run,  
Contemning life alike, no dangers shun.  
What then excites this fury in their breast,  
Or what the spur, that will not let them rest,  
But the dear thought of immortality,  
Decreed to those, who for their country die ?

Add of *Elysium* all the tales we have,  
The *Stygian* lake, and *Phlegethon's* hot wave.

Grant these the priests invent : — but how invent ?  
Does not the mind first inwardly consent ?  
And at the future take uncertain aims ?  
—— Truth for its ground-work every fiction claims.

Hard to conceive, how pure intelligence  
Subsists alone, disjoin'd from grosser sense !  
The vulgar therefore give it corporal frame,  
Give it like features, members like the same  
It wore before ; a district with a cell  
They give, where like the body it may dwell.  
Whence others, to whom all such notions seem  
Unsound philosophy, and empty dream,

Not knowing how bare souls existence have,  
Conclude them quite extinguish'd in the grave.  
Or, that they take no pains the truth to trace;  
Or, to own ignorance they think disgrace,  
'Tis no small task, but highly to be prais'd,  
Truth to discern through mists by fiction rais'd,  
Rouse from this lethargy: to truth awake;  
And not reject it for the fable's sake:  
Fable there interspers'd by impious fraud;  
Or vain poetic licence spread abroad.

A God when mortals all proclaim around,  
Dwells not the voice of nature in the sound?  
But, ah! what falsehoods do blind men maintain!  
What things unworthy of the god they feign!  
To deity ascribing human modes;  
And to their fancy multiply their gods;  
Just as vain hopes may happen to erect  
Their wavering mind, or anxious fears deject:  
Propitious gods from useful things they form,  
And dangerous from those that do them harm:  
And to such height did this wild frenzy rise,  
That beasts deform'd have pass'd for deities:  
By superstition touch'd the brain hath reel'd,  
And men of old to leeks and onions kneel'd.

Weigh-



Weighing these things, the great *Athenian* sage  
In time's revolving orb foretold an age,  
When would a long-expected God arrive,  
And saving health to longing mortals give;  
Like the day-spring disperse the clouds of night;  
Bring life and immortality to light:  
Man wand'ring in the shades of death release;  
And guide his feet into the ways of peace.

Yet by some signs, where nature is sole guide,  
The truth, as through a mist, may be descry'd:  
Where just conjecture leads us, then attend;  
Nor scorn those aids reason herself may lend.

In many modes with body soul agrees  
Is not deny'd; so federal law decrees;  
In more the last doth far superior shine,  
Her nature different prove, and race divine.

'Tis often seen, how in a body full,  
And strong as oak, there is a soul as dull;  
Whilst in the weakest tenement of clay  
Oft dwells the mind's most penetrating ray.  
If when the body dies, the mind too die;  
We might infer from just analogy,  
In sickness that the mind should sicken too;  
Which oft we see is far from being true.

As

As the limbs languish, and as death draws nigher,  
The mind is keener, touch'd with heavenly fire.  
Never is sweeter eloquence than then :  
Voices prophetic flow from dying men.

If of corporeal elements the mind  
Consists ; how comes it ; that in sleep we find,  
When closely barr'd the sensual avenue,  
Nor outward forms, to feed the mind, in view,  
Her genuine strength more vigorous she resumes,  
Raising herself on her exulting plumes ;  
Like birds escaping from their cage, she flies,  
And soaring triumphs in the open skies.

If the soul's nature is material quite ;  
It follows, that its parts are infinite ;  
Each particle hath sense, and each a will ;  
And minds so numerous must be struggling still :  
In this wild uproar, and contention fell,  
Who, what was truth, or what was right, could tell ?  
How could life's tenor uniform proceed ?  
Or conscious virtue how applaud her deed ?

View then the mental powers in different light :  
Perhaps they come from matter's form or site.  
Is then a circle wiser than a square ?  
Add parts ; subtract ; 'tis just the same affair,



As if the particles had certain turns;  
Nor more, than white or black, the mind concerns.

But doth not from particular motion flow  
All power of thought? what cannot motion do?  
Methinks, will, speech, reason, and science reel,  
Whilst forming by the lever and the wheel.  
Sure! the scourg'd top grows an ingenious toy,  
And wiser by the lashing, like the boy:  
And water too, thus boiling into sense,  
Swells, and o'erflows with tropes of eloquence.  
But whence springs motion? not the lumpish corse,  
The mind alone, its origin and source:  
The mind within, at pleasure by its nod,  
Directs each body, as the world the God.

Cease then to wonder, when the body's gone,  
How the soul lives when naked and alone:  
Much greater reason is there to admire,  
Could it, by any force subdued, expire:  
Since what wants parts can undergo no breach,  
And no external violence can reach:  
Besides; it moves by its own power alone,  
And feels and knows no instinct but its own;  
And all self-movers live eternally,  
Because they never from themselves can fly.

Hard to conceive, how things exist you say,  
 Take form and situation quite away,  
 Think then on God : (that thought new lustre gives)  
 The mind divine no outward form receives ;  
 Is circumscribed by no fix'd abode ;  
 Unless, perchance, matter you deem the God ;  
 But if a spirit, then pure, entire, refin'd :  
 The like you must conceive of human mind ;  
 That breath of heaven ! and what can brighter shine ?  
 Or more point out her origin divine ?  
 Often ev'n here, while corporal bonds unite,  
 She makes excursions, and prepares for flight.  
 A stranger, not inhabitant, on earth,  
 She mounts with transport towards her place of birth.

Go, charm'd with life ; possession in decay !  
 Go, like the fly, and on your pinions gay  
 Busily rove, sip dew, and feast on air ;  
 Soon to sink back to nothing and despair.  
 Are then our hopes thus vain ? life's total this ?  
 And this the end of all our promis'd blifs ?  
 See then another life of man, more true,  
 More worthy man ; when truth 'tis given to view,  
 Not piece-meal, as we do, compell'd to stray  
 Through meditation's long and mazy way ;

But



But at once present to the mental eye,  
Where all things in a cloudless prospect lie.

Perhaps you'll say; the mind can nothing know,  
The senses gone; since thence doth knowledge flow,  
Springs from that root, and thence in growth prevails,  
And certainly must perish when that fails.

What then, the senses being infirm, supplies  
By art those powers, their nature then denies?  
It is the mind alone, that doth impart  
Sight to the eye, sound to the ear, by art.  
Hence in this life, she can herself translate  
Above a mortal lot, a human state.  
This conqueror down from heaven the stars can call;  
Unlock the close apartments of this ball;  
Bodies too small for sight produce to view,  
Displaying wonders in a world, that's new.

Doth not the mind the sense's errors note?  
Determine too against the sense's vote?  
Better distinguishing, by mental eyes,  
The form of things, their distance, and their size?  
Do not these signs proclaim to mortals given  
Powers unallied to sense, the seeds of heaven?  
Will not the soul, when this weak frame shall break,  
Who now can skirmish, and short fallies make,

Then probably indulge a freer flight,  
Expatriating through fields of truth and light?

If you still ask, how will these things be so?  
It boots us not, nor yet is ours, to know.  
Know you, how in your mother's womb you grew?  
Knows one born blind the colour's pleasing hue?  
But you will say, he finds, all men beside  
A better birth-right have to him denied.

And thus surveying earth's whole store, the mind  
Can nothing equal to her wishes find.  
Man's ardent genius, smit with the sublime,  
All, save eternal beauty, deems but slime.  
The fair idea by fancy is imprest:  
He wears the lovely image in his breast:  
Absent he still bemoans the absent dame,  
Gently consuming in the lasting flame:  
A lover true, all human converse shuns;  
Fountains he haunts, to groves and coverts runs,  
To muse retir'd; and by poetic lay,  
Or wisdom's lore, his sorrows sooth away.

How happy then, methinks, his life hath been,  
Who calmly viewing this world's formal scene,  
Earth, sea, and air, the sun, and heavenly fires,  
Strait to his home, like a full guest retires!

Wear



Book I. of the SOUL

49

Wear out an hundred years, or count but few,  
You'll the same things in one rotation view,  
And nothing better, nothing ever new.  
Our time on earth, one common forum deem;  
Or one large inn for travellers esteem;  
Borne on the tide, life here but stops at most,  
'Midst thousand cares, a thousand trifles, tost.  
Who first weighs anchor, first will reach the port;  
Dispatch; strike sail; provisions may grow short:  
Diseases entering see; friends quit the stage,  
Ah! dismal thought! and fraud besieges age.

But stay: we must not hence depart; but wait  
His will, who plac'd us in this worldly state:  
His standard follow here 'twixt hope and fear:  
God bids us bear our lot; we then must bear.

But could I be convinc'd, that when I die,  
Nothing surviv'd the grave; I hence would fly,  
Where soon, or late, when life's dull farce is o'er,  
All, sunk in endless night, would be no more.  
Nay, would God grant me youth again to chuse,  
And in my cradle cry; I would refuse.

No; could I be possess'd in life of all  
Men value most, and which they blessings call;

Could wisdom, worth, parts, eloquence be mine;  
 In highest Post Unenvied could I shine;  
 Could I have Many Sons, and each well known  
 By his great father's virtues, and his own;  
 The large, the tempting, boon I would disdain,  
 To tread life's path, in the same round, again.  
 The mind hath nobler aims: her high desires  
 Nought can content, that changes or expires.





And thousands too (how many who can say)

~~How many match'd by violent disease!~~

How many pain continuing

THE

All guileless these!—for numbers I disdain

# IMMORTALITY of the SOUL.

Where is the need of virtuous pious man?

Yet I decide to virtue all I can:

## BOOK II.

Teaching to bear them, she can make them less

GOD, in his works through the creation wide,

Then manifests his love to all beside;

Excepting man, they may be happy all:

Man his own image, and earth's principal,

Suffers alone unjustly by his rod!

Ah!—banish complaints unworthy of the God.

Yet own we must, in human life are found

A host of ills, which still besiege it round:

Nor here, nor there, they single out a foe;

But at whole bodies aim th' impartial blow.

How many thousand wretches meet their fate,

From warlike fury, or tyrannic hate!

The cruel tyrant loads with galling chains,

Studious of arts to aggravate man's pains!

And

And thousands too (how many who can say?)

~~How many snatch'd by violent disease!~~

How many snatch'd by violent disease!

How many pain consumes by slow degrees!

All guiltless these!—for numbers I disdain

By lust, by wine, and their own vices slain.

Where is the meed of virtuous pious man?

Yet I ascribe to virtue all I can:

If she cannot the ills of life suppress,

Teaching to bear them, she can make them less;

With hope refresh; man to himself engage;

And calm the troubled waves of love and rage;

But far she is, so far, from a sure guard,

All human accidents from man to ward;

That oft, full oft, (if 'tis allow'd to say)

Virtue to certain danger leads the way,

Under the yoke of pride rogues thrive the best,

An honest man all tyrants still detest.

How many patriots, of desert long-tried,

By the blind rage of those they sav'd have died!

A man of genius let the world admire,

The envious herd against him all conspire,

Ready to wound him with a viper's sting,

And on his fairer fame their venom fling.

But



But grant, by worth the shades he dissipate,  
At length arise, and hold the helm of state;  
How must he toil for an ingrateful race,  
What scandals bear of libellous disgrace!  
What dangers meet, that from sedition grow,  
Or from ambition of a powerful foe!  
Hear then these ills, so near, and yet unknown,  
Thou, madman, fond of honours and renown!

Is private life a better? no less there  
You see rage, lust, and vices domineer,  
Fraud wearing friendship's guise, malignant spite,  
Broils, and deceits, and law inspiring right.

But still one comfort, an engaging wife;  
Safe, easy, pleasant your domestic life;  
Dear children smile, and run to your embrace,  
Approaching age's safe-guard, and its grace.  
Sure, what we seek is here, or no where is  
Well, can no cares corrupt the promis'd bliss?  
Ah! cruel case! too common, I might say,  
When motley tempers draw a different way.  
What scale can try, if humours are alike,  
Before both sides the binding contract strike?  
Repent you may, not break the fetter fast;  
Hard tho' your fate, the die of life is cast.

And

And who can wish, or wish to live, that race  
 Shall clasp fair virtue in a close embrace;  
 But grant, all this is to your wishes just;  
 Ah! dismal scene! and what you least mistrust  
 Death crops at once this youthful blossom gay,  
 And hurries your domestic hope away.

Is evil virtue's child? how virtue bright  
 Nothing exceeds, did all the world do right;  
 The golden ages would again revive;  
 But 'tis not ours in such an age to live.

Seeing then worldly things so much at odds,  
 Two principles some feign, two different gods;  
 Malignant one, endued with wicked will,  
 Who sends into the world all sorts of ill;  
 Another present to afford his aid,  
 And heal the evils by the former made.  
 Hence chequer'd life, mixt crops of good and ill;  
 In rosy coverts lurks the viper still.  
 Are things thus solv'd? then I would gladly know,  
 Such power if equal in those gods, or no.  
 If equal; all things soon would backward run  
 To chaos old, or nought could have begun:  
 For 'tis a thing for ever understood,  
 That evil still is opposite to good.

But



But if unequal; soon the one must yield,  
 And by the other vanquish'd quit the field:  
 The marks of war, the victor would efface;  
 And of the antient contest leave no trace.  
 Hence with these *Magi's* fictions, void of sense!  
 And dirty *Nile's* amphibious monsters hence!

Says then the stoic better? he denies  
 Goods to account those things we fondly prize:  
 Nor wealth, nor fame, outward accession none,  
 The sage esteems; or all enjoys alone:  
 Unknown and poor is richer than a king:  
 True! to be wise is a most glorious thing!  
 The stoic likewise, self-consistent still,  
 Imagines pain itself to be no ill:  
 Burn him in flames, or fix him on the wheel,  
 Flea him alive; these ills you make him feel,  
 You ne'er can make him own; No ills! he cries:  
 What then? he calls them—'inconveniencies.'  
 Say, stoic, whether good in your esteem,  
 Health, vigorous youth, and graceful beauty seem?  
 'Not to be wish'd,—accepted only.'—Shame!  
 Quibler! who teach in different words the same.

If only spirit, you might expect an age  
 Blest here, without this outward equipage;

But, stoic, call to mind who now you are,  
By birth a man, who soul and body share.

But if externals follow fortune's law,  
And she bestows them all, and can withdraw,  
On me and you by turns she smile and frown;  
And of these things we nought can call our own,  
Where is this sage?—like us within her power,  
He veers each moment of the doubtful hour.  
Besides; this strength of mind by you admired,  
On which depend all things to be desired,  
How often is it stunn'd by a disease!  
Oft so expung'd, it almost seems to cease!  
In council <sup>a</sup> one, and <sup>b</sup> one who by the sword,  
*Britannia's* almost desperate weal restor'd,  
Are proofs of virtue's and of wisdom's power;  
And how bright talents are a fading flower:

<sup>c</sup> Him too I add, this latter age knew well,  
The beauties of whose pen in all excell;  
Distinguish'd for the drol's facetious art;  
Graceful in prose, or in the poet's part:  
How great, and how admir'd! and yet, alas!  
This very man, (let a few years but pass)

See

<sup>a</sup> Lord Somers. <sup>b</sup> Duke of Marlborough. <sup>c</sup> Dean Swift.



See self-surviving, dead yet drawing air!  
—Nothing is proof against external war,

Thy tenet, stoic, yet we may forgive:  
For if nor meed, nor punishment survive;  
Whither, ah! whither have we steer'd our course?  
Or what than our conclusion can be worse?  
For God unjustly governs man's affairs;  
Or else, unactive, for them nothing cares;  
Or if with equity the world he steer,  
Then no good man can be unhappy here,  
Nor here can any wicked man be blest:  
—The tenet by the stoic sect profess.

Mens minds how blind! who loiter, when they stand  
Upon the confines of truth's promis'd land;  
Just at the end, confounded in their thought,  
They quit the work, ere to perfection wrought.  
Stoic, own you, that God doth right dispense?  
See you not then just views in providence?  
Dare to proceed undaunted in the way  
'Twill lead you on to life's eternal day,  
That day, you cry, ah! where 'tis hid by night;  
By shades surrounded 'tis conceal'd from sight!  
Not so: thee blind thy confidence hath made;  
Hence is that night, hence that surrounding shade.

Because you triumph, ere you conquest gain;  
Stop short, the whole unable to explain.

Crowds of greek sophists, *Perſian* magi, ſo,  
——See! from one error many monſters grow!

The inference take: a God confeſs we muſt:  
If this Creator then be wiſe and juſt,  
Who made and guides this world, which charms the ſight;  
Well ſings our bard, '*whatever is, is right.*'  
But neither right nor juſt, if conſtant woe  
Attend the good, and vice triumphant go:  
Yet there at laſt all centers, if we lie  
All quite extinguiſh'd by mortality.

'*Whatever is, is right,*' take all in view:  
If nought ſurvives us, the reverſe is true.  
The wiſe and good connect both lives in one,  
Some ſtick on ſurface, dwell on words alone;  
Parts ſingle, not the ſyſtem vaſt, ſurvey;  
And crowd th' extenſive ſcene into a day.  
All to this altar, their ſole ſanctuary,  
The thief, adulterer, and aſſaſſin fly.

But God predeſtin'd paths and laws precise,  
Which none can violate: virtue or vice  
Import not: petty man can nought reverſe,  
Nought change: things ſtill preſerve their proper courſe.

Tell



Book III. OF THE SOUL. 29

Tell me, what laws you mean? what order this?  
 One law for man, for brutes another is;  
 One for the mass of things devoid of sense;  
 Matter hath gravity; and 'tis from hence  
 By force and virtue, not its own, it acts;  
 Hence it attracted is, and hence attracts;  
 Excited hence is into motion hurl'd;  
 'Tis the machine, that joins and moves the world.

Those need I tell, to whom to breathe 'tis given;  
 Whether the feather'd kind, that wing the heaven;  
 Or peaceful herds, or beasts of savage strain;  
 Or creatures foster'd in the teeming main;  
 Not any uncontroul'd and lawless rove;  
 But, or inspir'd by instinct from above,  
 Or sharing reason, such as use may claim;  
 They all move forward to some destin'd aim,  
 See each his food most diligently save;  
 Each his arms handle resolutely brave;  
 Produce his young, and feed with friendly fare,  
 While they are weak, and need a parent's care.  
 Their labour this, this their delight: the rest  
 They hope nor fear, in this employment blest.

But man expatiates in a larger field;  
 All things to his quick penetration yield.

# 30 The IMMORTALITY Book II

He traces an artificer supreme,  
Through the vast mundane frame, where wonders teem.  
And when such proofs of wisdom he explores,  
The world's great Lord and Father he adores:  
And by a passion for these beauties smit,  
The volume by the God so fairly writ,  
Into this life proposes to translate,  
And by that model form his moral state.  
As nothing is more godlike or more fair,  
For publick weal than an extended care;  
He other mens, esteems his own concerns;  
Nor self-regardful on self-center turns:  
For country, all mankind, each living race,  
Doth that vast orb, a patriot's heart, embrace.

Besides: when nature man did helpless frame,  
By that she fix'd the laws of life, the same  
Still to remain; that forced by scanty store,  
One man might still another's aid implore;  
That public counsels might arise from each;  
And to obtain these ends she gave him speech:  
Man's form with other animals compare;  
For self-defence which so unarmed are?  
But yet what force, insuperable might,  
That form acquires, if mutual love unite  
Love,



Love, which like gravity, in compact binds,  
And distant limbs associates to their kinds.

This then's the law engraven on the mind:  
This takes its sanction from the God benign:  
Common utility approves this law:  
And man to this his genuine pleasures draw.

Whence from this law these deviations strange?  
See licence, and see lust, unbridled range  
See custom ill, see ignorance at best!  
All ravage wide! of men how few are blest!  
Where the sun rises, or where sets, behold,  
Or climes by polar winds for ever cold,  
Or others heated by perpetual fire;  
What indigence, what indolence conspire!  
What night, what error cloud the savage mind!  
No mark of man but in the shape you find.

Nay we! to whom more saving light's display'd  
By God, who sent religion to our aid,  
That sacred guard, who guides us by the hand,  
(Guides, but not drives, by absolute command)  
See how reluctant we her voice obey,  
Hating th' immortal beam, the proffer'd day!  
Quitting the light are led by comments vain;  
And empty glosses of the schools maintain!

With

## The IMMORTALITY Book 11

With zeal implacable, alas! we fight;  
For all this tinsel, as the altar's right  
Massacres hence! hence spilt fraternal blood!

From piety what impious deeds have flow'd!

Unpunish'd licence roves the world around;  
And farther still doth wrong and right confound.

The giant this, that strives to scale the sky,  
And boldly raise mountains on mountains high.

Sees God this scene? or the bolt vainly throw?

Or feel not breasts immortal human woe?

He sees: the meed will follow, though now staid:

Nor vengeance is less certain, though delay'd.

Nor do I doubt indeed, that even now  
God interposes in affairs below.

And (lest all proof should be forgotten quite

Of aid divine to vindicate the right)

At times he signal instances displays,

Through trembling nations, of his wond'rous ways.

Yet these are rare; and not for every end,

As superstition rashly will pretend;

Who, where she lists, of heaven employs the rod;

And wrests his weapons from the thundering God.

Nor am I not convinc'd, what conscience can:

Not unrewarded here the virtuous man:

Non



Nor dost thou, villain, not severely grieve;  
The world thou may'st, but not thyself deceive;  
The furies scourge; care gnaws, a cruel guest;  
And memory tormenting haunts thy breast.

What, when with these diseases at thee fly,  
(Diseases, presents due from luxury)  
Consumption flow, Gout's rack and torment dire,  
The swelling Dropsy, Cramp, and hectick fire,  
A mortal Band? hence what of life remains  
Goes lingering on, devour'd by cruel pains.  
Whose only hopes are life, of life are tired;  
Death they desire, yet fear the death desired.

But if a villain at old age arrives;  
He draws not thence one comfort while he lives,  
Neither delicious fruits from friendship's tree  
He gathers; nor at virtue's banquet he  
On good mens praise, or on his own, e'er feeds;  
When he in thought revolves his former deeds,  
Then fly his old debauch'd companions all:  
The flatterer vile deserts the empty hall:  
And then! alas! the melancholy scene!  
If, as he must, he turn his eyes within  
No spectre, like his own, the wretch can fright;  
He views himself, and shudders at the sight.

# 34 The IMMORTALITY Book III

When death stands near, and brandishes the dart,  
Threat'ning to strike the blow, to every artful blow;  
He then recurs, both anxious and afraid;  
Calling the power of medicine to his aid,  
A little to prolong his wretched years,  
And drag on life amidst a thousand cares.  
But if life's big with ills, and death devour  
The man entire; why dreadful the last hour?  
'Tis, that the brave feels I know not what;  
Dire apprehension of his future lot.

View the reverse:—How blissful flows their time,  
Whose life is innocent, and free from crime.  
Who know the world by merit to engage  
Or by inventions rare enrich the age!  
Praise flowing from nectareous springs within  
Shews both their mind and countenance serene.  
Nor fear, nor envious care, disturb their rest:  
Nor lust, nor wine, have nature's strength depress'd.  
Safe from her stroke, nor swell'd by fortune's breath,  
The man is armed, whose hope transcends his death.  
When age with years steals on by slow degrees,  
With the same joy he death approaching sees,  
As one long tost in storms discerns at last  
A port and refuge from misfortunes past.

That



That man alone trembled, when death is near,  
Who for himself feels this foreboding fear,  
Left any thing should past the grave endure;  
Not he, who leads an upright life and pure,  
This plumes himself, and like the golden ray  
With light diffus'd smiles at the close of day.  
His better hopes ev'n here in triumph move;  
And wishes yield some taste of joys above.

Such once was *Hough* a man, whose image blest  
Still lives recorded in my faithful breast  
The mitre's pride: guard of a nation free,  
When times required a champion great as he:  
Who reach'd well nigh a century in age;  
And trod with dignity this mortal stage:  
With honours crown'd, which vernal sweets dispense;  
And unimpair'd in faculty or sense:  
Exempt from pain: nor wasted by disease:  
Regal'd with life: from life retir'd with ease:  
As some fam'd actor from the scene withdraws,  
Whilst the whole theatre resounds applause;  
Or with applause, the victor, having run,  
Claims the olympic palm with glory won.

F 2

These

These are full proofs, how strongly conscience acts;  
 Man's heart with hope relieves, with fear distracts.  
 What means that hope, or whence that dread,  
 If neither hopes nor fears can reach the dead?  
 See all things here conspiring to presage,  
 And, herald like, proclaim a future age.  
 Then good or bad be here a wise man's state,  
 Life he'll not covet, nor morosely hate.  
 For when compell'd with fortune to contest,  
 He feels an inward comfort in his breast.  
 But if there rise a favourable gale,  
 He calls to mind, how fleeting and how frail  
 Are fortune's goods; if goods you deem they are,  
 Which you may lose, or merit not your care.  
 Nor fear, lest hence more languid prove his mind,  
 Backward to act the part of life assign'd;  
 That he from toil and danger will retire,  
 When public service shall his aid require.  
 The man, who can these outward things despise,  
 Stronger doth grow, and more exalted rise;  
 Arm'd against all events is less a slave;  
 Where virtue calls invincible and brave.  
 But still the man you censure, whom to right  
 Not virtue's charms, but hopes of gain invite!

Who,



Who, blind to honour, fondly regards  
From virtuous deeds some posthumous rewards.

The truly virtuous man is he, you cry,  
(Were there no prospect of futurity)

Whom beauteous order's melody attracts,  
And the sole sense of decency directs.

Nor bad is he, who stops not here, because

He keeps his steady eye, where nature draws:

On hope innate who doth exulting fly

Beyond this life, to endless joys on high.

And tell me, pray, his meed; or what his views?

'Tis no mean thing, which such a man pursues.

Him nor vile usury, nor croud'd train,

Nor false applause, nor glory's taudry stain,

Lying ambition sowing low alarm,

Nor title's empty splendor, ever charm:

But where true honour, nature where benign,

And where the dignity of human kind,

Point out the road, he'll manfully pursue:

And to past virtues will add virtues new:

And whilst compell'd to wrestle in this state,

Prepare his talents for a better fate.

We other mortals here drive to and fro,

Like ships at sea, as varying winds may blow:

And

And struggling hard through different ways, we try  
Shadows to seize, which our embraces fly.  
And as in infancy the pining boy  
Eagerly strives to grasp some trifling toy,  
And soon to lay it by as fond appears;  
So men but children are in riper years.  
Let but a man hold this persuasion fast,  
That the soul's present life is not its last;  
His future hope secures his present good;  
Nor empty wishes longer here delude.  
For whilst man's mind is restless to secure  
Good, that is permanent, sincere, and pure;  
It cannot hope now to enjoy that bliss;  
Because we journey in a world like this;  
Where wrong and right together blended are;  
And ever to our joy succeeds our care;  
Trifles are doated on in wisdom's spite;  
'Mongst scented roses blooms the aconite;  
All things are mixt, fleeting, deceitful all;  
Nought here is as we wish, or ever shall.  
Who knows but God (were it allow'd to know  
The secrets of his will) things tempers so,  
Still fortune's mass with evils mixeth up,  
And bitters pours into the dulcet cup,

That



That friendly-chasten'd man this earth may mean;  
Learn to despise; and trust in heaven alone;  
Where he will find at last a certain seat,  
And from his labours here the sole retreat.

Come then, the sum of all collect; survey  
With me, who now have trod, the doubtful way;  
Midst latent rocks, and shallows blind, have past  
O'er error's waves; and spy the port at last.

This mind, which thinks and wills, had not its birth,  
Nor is compos'd, from elements of earth.  
Somewhat by nature then immortal 'tis.

But God, who gave it being, can dismiss.

'Tis granted, God can make it cease to be:

But never such will be divine decree:

For not in vain is given that power to know

Things so remote from this our state below:

'Tis not in vain, eternity inspires

The noblest thoughts and strongest wishes fires:

'Tis not in vain, perfection's form's impress'd

Upon the mind, and dwells within the breast.

Now if both equity and justice tell,

It should be ill with vice, with virtue well,

And neither happen on this mortal stage,

It then must happen in another age.

Then

## So The IMMORTALITY, &c.

Then this now rude, and now disorder'd scene,  
(As it regards mankind alone I mean)  
Unworthy of a Godhead just and wise,  
The cloud withdrawn, will open to the eyes;  
Colours of things be view'd in genuine light;  
And their true harmony reveal'd to sight.  
Believe not this!—what proof a God presides,  
Who all things with design and order guides?  
Or does he all the rest direct with art,  
And only fail in this, the noblest, part?  
Not so: the time will come (inquire not how)  
It is enough, that after death, we know,  
God from the chaff will winnow the good seed,  
And guilt and innocence receive their meed.

**E T N I S**